

THE  
★ OMEY ★



★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
REVOLUTION

JC  
98



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## The Omen

Volume 10, Number 9  
March 6, 1998

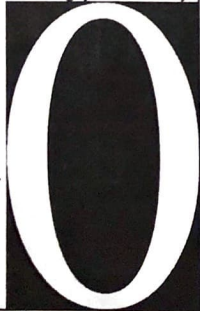
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Aemily Reshen.....Supreme Spiritual Advisor  
Jon Klein.....A gay man. Really.

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Barbara Reyes  
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"Computers have already  
beaten a communist at  
chess. Next thing you  
know, they'll be beating  
humans."  
-King of the Hill



## Submit to us ...

**T**he Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your **NAME**). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

**Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community** and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. **Submit to** Michelle Beach (B-311, box 1127) or Jordan Strauss (J-309, box 1007). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Mat Lauritsen (J-304). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times**. What better way to **be heard?**

*The Omen is a completely non-partisan forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in the articles are those of the authors alone.*

## EDITORIAL

by Jordan Strauss

**S**o many issues in need of address, so little time. First off, the Wade thing. It seems to be the consensus of several of us (not all), us being the editors, that it is both dangerous and lame for a publication of this nature to take on a theme of this sort. We've been trying to do away with inside jokes for a while, and this seems to be turning into an inside joke rather quickly. This can be evidenced by the fact that anyone who just picked up this magazine, and is reading it for the first time, has absolutely no idea what I am talking about.

Second issue: a few people have come up to me and threatened Community Review Board trials for cover from a few weeks ago (you know, the one with the naked girl). **Stop complaining; submit something your-**

**self and we'll run it.**

I'm sure most of the students will be happy to know that community council has spent the last three weeks or so making our changes to the constitution of the college, which was passed on Friday the 27th. We didn't get everything we wanted, but the constitution, as it was passed, probably pretty accurately reflects about ten years of work from the faculty, the students, and the trustees. It won't really impact most of us directly, but it is done, which is good for the college.

Ficom has completed the new group funding cycle, and I'm happy to know that S.P.A.A.R.C. received 150 dollars of the 250 dollars they asked for. The pipe circle, a pipe and pipe tobacco appreciation group received money for duplication and food, which is good. A group called

the Hampshire Hamburger Collective, a meat-appreciators group, received 250 dollars of the 250 dollars they requested, for the purchase of meat and meat-related products. Think about that last one for a while.

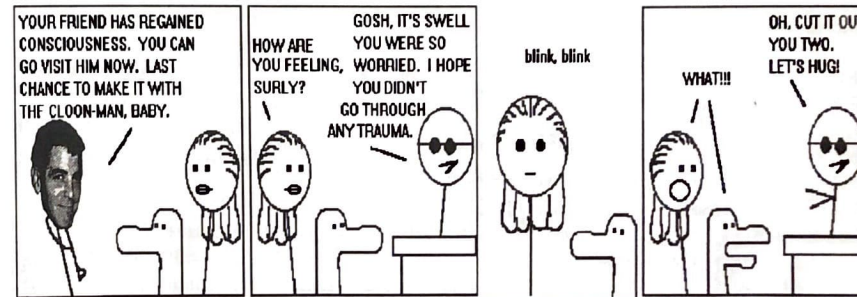
And now, a word about **Omen** Editorship and the future of our beloved publication. The **Omen** will be passed on to Michelle Beach and Jennifer Howk, sometime in the next semester or two. I want to retain final say for the rest of the semester, but I should make it clear that Michelle is doing a lot (you have no idea how much) more work than I am, or have time to do. I'll write a more lengthy and obnoxious goodbye when I actually officially leave.

I don't really have anything else to editorialize on; I hope you enjoy this issue.

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### THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY?

by Jacob Chabot





# NEWS

WUXTRY, WUXTRY!

## Hampshire Campus Police Log 2/10-2/23

### Noise Complaints

Feb 10, 12:34a.m.: FPH, from Merrill.  
Feb 12, 12:10a.m.: FPH, from Merrill.  
Feb 13, 1:25a.m.: Merrill, B3.  
Feb 14, 1:47a.m.: Dakin, noise a problem on J3 and K3.  
Feb 15, 1:55a.m.: Prescott, 73.  
Feb 15, 3:13a.m.: Merrill, A2.  
Feb 15, 10:40p.m.: FPH.  
Feb 20, 12:30a.m.: FPH, re band practice.  
Feb 20, 12:47a.m.: FPH, re band practice.  
Feb 21, 2:22a.m.: Enfield, re apartment 56.  
Feb 21, 4:00a.m.: Enfield, re apartment 56.

### Traffic

Feb 15, 4:36a.m.: Motor vehicle tow, Prescott vehicle towed from fire lane.  
Feb 17, 2:36p.m.: Motor vehicle accident, Enfield, minor motor vehicle accident.  
Feb 23, 4:55a.m.: Motor vehicle tow, Dakin, two vehicles towed.

### Etc.

Feb 13, 1:30a.m.: Unauthorized use, Cole Science Center, two students in building.  
Feb 15, 1:37a.m.: Disturbance in Greenwich, no problem located.  
Feb 17, Library, OPRA bike returned to RCC.

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Feb 18, 4:55p.m.: Safety hazard, FPH, students asked to climb down from tree.  
Feb 20, 1:18p.m.: Disturbance in Dakin, no problem located.

### Larceny

Feb 12, 3:00p.m.: Multi-Sports, small table reported stolen.  
Feb 18, 2:30a.m.: Merrill bike reported stolen, found in Prescott.  
Feb 18, 5:00a.m.: Enfield laptop computer reported stolen.  
Feb 20, 1:40p.m.: Dining Commons, backpack reported stolen.

### Harassment

Feb 10, 4:17a.m.: Dakin student received unwanted phone call.  
Feb 10, 5:48a.m.: Enfield student received unwanted phone call.  
Feb 11, 7:35a.m.: Merrill student received unwanted phone call.  
Feb 11, 9:14a.m.: Enfield student received unwanted phone call.

### Suspicious People

Feb 11, 3:01p.m.: Film and Photo, individual told not to come on to campus.  
Feb 20, 3:47a.m.: Greenwich,

student sleeping in car.  
Feb 20, 10:22a.m.: Enfield, unfounded - physical plant employee.

### Fire Alarm

Feb 11, 8:55a.m.: Prescott, cooking smoke in apartment 86.  
Feb 13, 10:30p.m.: Dakin, cigar smoke on E1.  
Feb 14, 12:12a.m.: Prescott, cigarette smoke in apartment 77.  
Feb 14, 12:30a.m.: Dakin, fireworks caused alarm in G.  
Feb 15, 1:25a.m.: Merrill fire on burner in B3 lounge.  
Feb 15, 1:16a.m.: Prescott, cooking smoke in 96.  
Feb 20, 5:47p.m.: Prescott, cooking smoke in apartment 75.  
Feb 20, 7:28p.m.: Prescott, detector malfunction in apartment 75.  
Feb 20, 7:51p.m.: Prescott, detector malfunction in 75, detector changed.  
Feb 21, 1:45a.m.: Prescott, cigarette smoke in 77-80.  
Feb 22, 6:38p.m.: Dakin, cigarette smoke on J3.  
Feb 23, 10:21p.m.: Prescott, cooking smoke in apartment 75.

### Hate Crime

Feb 14, 4:50p.m.: Merrill poster vandalized.

# ONTIONS Will it ever end?

by Alexandra Gouirand

Dear Ross Ford and Cas Lucas,  
Yep. I did it. It took me a couple of hours, but I finally managed to make sense of your muddled, semi-literate, overwhelmingly misinformed article you tried to pass off as "investigative reporting".

To begin, I'd like to give you some advice which will surely be helpful to you for the rest of your college career: sentences are made of a subject and a verb. **A lot of the time you may also find a direct object in there too, but don't worry about that part for now. You'd just get confused.**

Now for the definition of "investigative reporting:" it consists of conducting an investigation (hence the name) in which you interview as many people as possible to get all sides - except for yours - of one predetermined story or issue. You then compile the information you have gathered, and make a non-biased deduction out of aforementioned compilation, being careful to equally present all sides of said story of issue.

Since you never interviewed anyone from Saga or anywhere else, and based all your information on hearsay, you are in no way entitled to even mention the word "investigative" in your article, and all you've reported is the glaring fact that you belong in front of the grill at McDonald's.

Now I'd like to raise my main issue. No, it's not about Saga. It's about the admissions process here at Hampshire, more particularly the fact that the same people who accepted you at this school also accepted me. How come I've been lumped into the same category as people like you? I'm smarter and more mature than you are. I have a life. I have plans. As far as I can tell, all the plans you have involve sitting in your shitty little dorm rooms (oops — is that a sensitive subject?) and seeing how much pizza you can stuff into your mouth at once.

There are many students here whom I respect and admire because of their talent and accomplishments, or just because they are intelligent, creative people who can teach me things. You are nothing of the sort.

Your presence at this school can be explained by two possible theories:

1) The theory that Hampshire is an easy school to get into, but hard to graduate from is true; and

2) Admissions made a mistake (actually, two mistakes).

In order to eradicate any possibility than anyone like you will ever be able to enter this school ever again, I propose the following: that every student, upon entering, be required to take a basic reading and writing test, and be asked to identify nouns, verbs, and direct objects in a simple sentence (as in: I like Saga).

Love,  
Alexandra Gouirand







## Bitchin' Bambi strikes back

By Mathew Lauritsen

Well, I was driving by this kinda funny shaped house out in the boonies when I noticed some really weird noises coming from inside. I stopped my truck, which loved the rest since I done drove it all way from Massachusettes, and rushed up to the door. It was locked and boarded up, but I could audibly hear the sound of some young feller getting the holy god damned fire poker up the butt by the sounds of it.

Anyway, I ran around the house and found a handful of windows smashed in and deer tracks all over the place. I then remembered the news flash about the VDR (Vermont Deer Rebellion) and how the critters out in the Green Mountain State had been agitten all riled.

Quick like a bunny, I made for my truck and, more importantly, the gun rack contained therein. I grabbed my paltry 3006 and threw it on the ground with disgust. I over-looked all of my pistols as well, save my semi-automatic Gubertosser, and quick like a bunny I threw back the truck seat to reveal my pride and joy. Illegal in most states, my HolimutherofGoddar Gun had barely passed through the security border between VT and MA.

Anyway, I loaded the Holi Gun full of lead and ran back to the house, quick like a bunny. I leapt in one of the broken windows, holi gun brandished like a mobster, Gubertosser in my belt, when I realized just what a mess I had gotten into.

There were nearly 400 head of deer in that house, in every room

piled around the central living space. It was a writhing mass of venison, the way I saw it, and was about to fill the lot of them with Holi rounds when my attention was diverted. **Strapped to the wall with a liberal amount of duct tape was a tall skinny boy. His once recognizable face, though by the looks of it not all that attractive to begin with, was torn to shreds by the demonic hooves** of these super intelligent woodland creatures. His body was covered entirely with blood and terrible gashes, holes punched in his leg and abdomen.

With a shriek of rage, I unloaded on the next deer that even looked that poor boy's direction. In an explosion of lead, countless deer fell to my weapon, the rounds endlessly pouring from my autoloader backpack. I killed and killed and killed, then I killed some more. I could see the look of absolute joy on the boy's face, his vengeance vicariously translated through my HolimutherofGod gun.

When all the killing was finished, I walked up to the boy and undid his tape bonds. He smiled at me, a gory, toothless, cheekless, and eyeballess grin, and then collapsed in his own muck.

Throwing him over my shoulder and momentarily putting my weapons on the coffee table, I started for the door.

Not ten feet had I traveled with that sack of guts over my shoulder when I heard,

"Not so fast, human dog."

I reeled around to find a massive, nearly forty point deer pointing my own gun at me. His eyes glowed with an evil intelligence, his nostrils flaring with lust for the kill.

"Look here, we can work this out," I said, "this is all just a misundERSTANDING!"

With fire in my heart and pants I leapt for the buck, grabbing my pants for the Gubertosser. Quick like a bunny, my weapon was out and pointed at the deer's skull, but not before the deer could recover and point the holi gun at my head. There we were, in the toughest standoff of my life, sweat dripping off our bodies, until the deer broke the silence.

"So what happens now?"

"We face each other as not intended-sportsmanlike." I reply.

"So you mean no tricks, no weapons, just deer against man alone?"

"Drop the gun, buck, I am agonna tear you a new arse!"

Our bodies slam into each other, I grabbing for the most savage headlock of my life, the buck, whose name turned out to be Juno, attempting to throw me into the Razor's Edge. We grappled, relaxed, and grappled some more. In a flare of mental activity, the deer realized he had about forty knives attached to his head, and smashed me in the face with the bulk of them. I fell bodily to the ground next to the bloody boy, who again smiled his gory, toothless grin at me,

## SHAKEN, not STIRRED

by Dave Killen

My friend Miles has this huge collection of Hong Kong movies. After living within spitting distance of him all year, I have had ample opportunity to view and contemplate these films, and I now feel qualified to make at least one strong statement: Britain fucking sucks! Did you know those stiff bitches make everyone in Hong Kong drive on the wrong side of the road, too? It was one thing when it was just them; it goes along well with their generally backward and stupid approach to life. But the idea of John Woo or Chow Yun-Fat driving around and having to shift gears with their LEFT hand just fucking pisses me off. Since I'm always getting pissed off and not doing shit about it, I decided for once I would follow through. One phone call was all it took.

"IRA? It's Dave. You know what to do."

Within a few weeks those sorry Brits had turned Hong Kong back over to its rightful owner, Canada. The Canadians, needless to say, were quite grateful to yours truly. But I must admit I'm getting kind of sick of polar bear meat and these hookers dressed up like Mounties they keep sending me. Still, never look a gift horse in the mouth, that's my motto. That and Down With Those Fucking British Fuck-Ass Fucking Bastard Brits. But that one's a bit long, even if it is "da bomb". IRA bomb that is! HAHAHA HAHAHA!

Seriously, have you all forgotten that they tried to take Texas back about 30 years ago? I haven't. That's LONeStar state, not LOANstar, as in we won't LOAN it to your sorry UK ass! Get the fuck out of our face goddammit! And what the fuck is up with all this tea? In America we drink coffee you fucks! Coffee! Remember a little thing called the Boston Tea Party? Yea, that's right, the Boston Tea Party! As in take your fucking tea party and shove it up your stiff British ass! Come to think of it, why do I even capitalize "british"? You bastards don't deserve that kind of recognition, not unless you come over here and make me! Yeah that's right, you and me bitch, right now! Cross that pond and I'll wrap that fucking upper lip back over your head and pull it down to your Oxford, bitch!

Cheerio!

obviously delirious (or just stupid.)

Juno, breathing deeply and with forced composure, stood over us and said, "I have you now." He lowered his rack and my chest and, just as he was about to make the fatal blow, I grabbed the boy and smashed his body against Juno's massive skull. Though Juno appeared unhurt, more of the boy's guts spilled out, blinding Juno with the sheer bulk of it. I leapt up with this moment of advantage, grabbed the gubertosser, and fired one bullet deep into Juno's brain. With that, Juno fell dead.

Relaxing again, I carried the boy to the truck. I put him in the passenger seat, and started the engine. Just as I began forward motion, I heard a massive sound of crushing metal.

Standing on the hood was the biggest deer ever, ever, ever. He was wearing a black gabardine and a Duke University hat, and was smiling grimly at me. I leapt from the car and began a fistfight I would never forget.

We exchanged blows for nearly an hour both us accepting and returning punishment. His hooves though sharp and hard as iron, were equaled by my fleshy hands (thumpin' hands I call 'em). I began to tire, he punched me sharply in the temple, and everything began to become red and dizzy. Terrified, I lurched for his neck, hoping to bite it and save my life. Unfortunately, something had probably tried to bite this deer before because he did not fall for it. He stepped cleverly aside and cuffed

me to the ground. Not risking a punch, he charged with the intent to trample me. I scampered at a near spring on my knees away from the big black beast of burning bologna, my blood boiling with fear. I slipped on a slate rock and lost my lead. Falling backwards, I closed my eyes for the final deathblow, but to my surprise, I landed on something hard enough and oddly shaped enough to attract my attention! To my absolute glee and girlish pleasure, I found my old-faithful 3006! Needless to say, the deer was extremely surprised by the presentation of a weapon. This sensation didn't last him long, though, for almost instantly his head was blown into a thousand tiny pieces that are not, as far as I know, dangerous.



# Remember red ink? Well, it's back!

by Orion Montoya, Operative Number  
One with Operatives numbered Two  
through Nine

A letter from the Militant  
Grammarians of Massa-  
chusetts

Language is power. Who-  
ever controls language controls his  
own life. Whoever chooses not to  
control language chooses to be con-  
trolled, and leaves himself open to  
deception, his ideas vulnerable to at-  
tack. The Militant Grammarians of  
Massachusetts' greatest aim is to  
empower everyone, that no one be  
the slave of language; that each per-  
son be its master.

-From the Militant Grammarian  
Manifesto

The Militant Grammarians  
of Massachusetts had originally pre-  
pared for publication a statement  
that would explain our identity and  
our goals. We expected that only a  
small portion of the Hampshire Col-  
lege community would see our pro-  
paganda and our efforts to standard-  
ize posters. It is evident, however, that  
many people have noticed our move-  
ment, and reacted as they felt appro-  
priate. We are surprised but pleased to  
see that our efforts have been taken  
more seriously than we had originally  
intended. Heartened by this boon, we  
feel that the Hampshire community  
might be ready for more advanced pro-  
paganda. Below is a revised letter,  
which addresses some of the responses  
we have received:

Our community languishes.  
Infected with a vile plague, we lie  
wounded on the battlefields of lan-  
guage. Nothing has risen to stem  
the tide of this sickness.

The Militant Grammarians  
of Massachusetts, a growing move-  
ment of concerned parties unwilling  
to choke on the pus of ignorance for  
a day further, has taken root at  
Hampshire College. Attestations of  
ignorance in English usage increase  
in frequency and malignancy each

day. It embarrasses each member  
of our movement, as it should em-  
barrass any clear-thinking indi-  
vidual, to be part of an educational  
system that shows so little regard for  
Standard English. A quick glance  
at the butchered English on the  
countless sheaves of posters put up  
each day, or a summary survey of  
the official documents generated by  
this school—even those used to ad-  
vertise the school to prospective stu-  
dents—shows, clearly and abun-  
dantly, ignorance. Ignorance of  
Standard English, poverty of writ-  
ten style, incompetence even in the  
realm of spelling—a failing acutely  
noticed in this age of computer spell-  
check, where even if one cannot  
spell for oneself, a simple program  
can standardize one's spelling at the  
touch of a button—these things  
rankle. The Militant  
Grammarians of Massa-  
chusetts have tired of  
standing mute as the  
armies of ignorance  
trample our sweet lan-  
guage. We find the  
time ripe for action.

Here, for the first time, we  
set forth our simple demand: adher-  
ence to Standard English. "Standard  
English" includes proper spelling,  
correct grammar, and, when pos-  
sible, some measure of elegance in  
usage. When our operatives notice  
a poster that deviates from these  
standards, they will Standardize as  
many as possible, using a red  
marker, then apply the Grammarians'  
"seal" of Standardization. Our  
operatives will return one Standard-  
ized copy to the parties responsible  
for the deviant poster, who will have  
two working days to post a Standard  
version before operatives tear down  
all deviant posters. We Gramma-  
rians will also note clichés and us-  
age that we feel is insulting to the  
reader; such concerns are important  
to us, but we realize that not every-

one is capable of the quality of ex-  
pression that we wish were standard.

Recently, a concerned  
member of the community ad-  
dressed our standardization in a  
poster of her own. It read:  
Dear MGM,

You may be unaware that  
grammar standards and your correc-  
tions of grammar on posters  
propo[rts] [sic] an elitist conception  
of intelligence. Not only are there  
intelligent Hampshire students from  
class backgrounds which may not  
have provided the early education  
that you received, but there are also  
intelligent Hampshire students with  
learning disabilities who constantly  
combat the notion that they  
shouldn't express their ideas if they  
can't spell them correctly. It just so  
happens that the posters which you  
have been "correcting" are a testi-  
mony to the innovation of Hamp-  
shire students who have discovered  
better things to do with their time  
than "correcting" other people's  
posters.

Respectfully,  
Nonviolent [the symbol for "woman"]  
with Knowledge to share.  
Bad Spellers of the World Untie! [sic]

None of the grammarians  
found this response particularly sur-  
prising. In many ways it is typical  
of the reactionaries that populate the  
college, whose rallying cries are  
"Gender!" "Class!" and "Disabili-  
ty!" We do not deny that these are  
important concerns, pervading  
nearly every part of our lives, but  
neither are we alone in resenting the  
almost condescending way in which  
our compatriots abuse these con-  
cerns to decry innocuous actions. To  
read our standardization (and the  
very notion of standards of gram-  
mar) as "elitist" and to conjure up  
"class backgrounds" to defend those  
whose posters we have corrected is  
to misread our motives grossly and  
to insult the "class backgrounds" in

# FIRST AGAINST THE WALL: The revolution continues.

by Comrade Wade (Puppet Dictator/The People's Editor)

A Message to the Hampshire Proletariat  
From the Omen Council of Doom

## Long Live the Revolution!

As you may know, last issue marked the beginning of our Glorious Revolution to depose the petty bourgeoisie editorship of the Omen and shift power to the People's Clandestine Editor Junta. The former leadership of the Omen, led by Jordan "That's Great" Strauss, have continued their counterrevolutionary tactics in an effort to retain control. What he and his cronies do not realize is that we, the Omen Council of Doom, have already infiltrated the leadership of the Omen to such an extent that even a purge worthy of Comrade Stalin himself (big jerk) could not dislodge us. The Revolution is inevitable. Whether or not Jordan wishes to retain his status as a political figurehead, a mere vestibule of the former bourgeoisie leadership of the Omen, is irrelevant. The real power lies in the People's Clandestine Editor Junta.

Certain accusations were made by the deposed editorship of the Omen in our last issue. To those accusations, I respond:

- (5) Sex with pigs? No way.
- (7) I can't get no play at all
- (5) I'm a lonely man.

As for our plans, we are in the midst of outlining our 13-Point Plan to Destroy America and Piss Off the Hampshire Community. Under our new regime, the Omen will become a thing of glory never before seen in capitalist society. Woe to all who oppose the Omen Council of Doom. Long live the Revolution!

Wade Stuckwisch  
Puppet Dictator and Representative  
People's Clandestine Editor Junta  
Omen Council of Doom  
(The REAL Editor In Chief) **O**

Continued from page 8

question. Standards of grammar  
have nothing to do with intelligence;  
they have exclusively to do with  
knowledge, a distinction that any-  
one with "knowledge to share"  
should recognize. We have never  
said that the posters we standardized  
were the products of people who  
were stupid or subhuman; we say  
only that their language is substan-  
dard. This shortcoming is the prod-  
uct either of laziness, which is un-  
forgivable, or of ignorance, a highly  
charged word for rather unfortunate  
but inoffensive happenstance. Of-  
ten, when people make mistakes,  
they simply do not know any better.  
That is why the Grammarians exist:  
to teach and to encourage Standard  
English. We know that not every-  
one has had the same education, and

we know that this diversity enriches  
our community. We cannot under-  
stand, however, why it is "elitist"  
to help everyone to express themselves  
more effectively, especially in a  
place of learning.

We find it fascinating that,  
while several people have voiced  
their disagreement with our motives  
or methods, all have done so very  
nervously, watching their words, try-  
ing very hard not to deviate from the  
Standard English we all know well.  
We fear that their sentiments are not  
sincere: **if advocacy of  
Standard English is  
"fascist," is not its  
use just as fascist?**  
Do our opponents fear that statements  
deviating from Standard English will  
prove more difficult to defend, more  
vulnerable to critical minds?

Understand that, while our  
current focus is on posters and  
signage, no use of the English lan-  
guage is beyond our concern. Both  
in posters and in essays, an idea  
which is not well thought-out will  
not be expressed well; we hope to  
raise the level of discourse in all con-  
texts. Soon we will issue a set of  
demands to the Forward, the Omen  
and every department which issues  
written materials, with description  
of the actions we must take if they do  
not meet our demands. We will not  
rest until our work is done.

We encourage those seeking  
more information to contact us at cam-  
pus box number 1361, at  
<obm97@hamp>, or at campus ex-  
tension 4651. We ask only for Stan-  
dard English.

*Nemo grammaticum impune laessit.* **O**



# Playthings of the Damned

by Jacob Chabot

There's something wrong with the world today. Toys suck. You may not have noticed this epidemic because most of you are too pretentious or too hip to look at toys, nevermind play with them. Not me and Mark Hugo. The other day, we went down to the local Kay-Bee toy store at our very own Hampshire mall. I tell you friend, it wasn't a pretty sight.

The first thing that our keen observant eyes detected was the two large, overflowing bins of action figures marked three for five dollars. Toys that came out in the past year were in the bin! What's wrong with them? **Are they crazed killer toys that come to life after you buy them and then develop a hatred for you because you abuse them and then they try to hack you into little itty bitty bits of gore with a kitchen knife and your only defense is a homemade flame-thrower made out of a lighter and a can of hairspray?**

No, they just suck out the ass. Now, I don't remember these bargain bins when I was young. Granted, I was a kid and didn't pay attention to that kind of stuff, but I'd think I'd notice if every store had a bin of cheap toys. Toys back then were good enough to last. Today you don't see a toy line that produces more than a dozen

figures before it goes kaput and spends the rest of its life being continually marked down.

Back in the day, we had toys like He-Man. You girls think you had it tough with a body image based on Barbie. Take a look at this guy! Six foot six with 24 inch pythons and pecs the size of Nebraska (with nipples!). He-Man was pretty cut and he was all man! The amount of figures in the He-Man line numbered in the hundreds, including a spin off for girls with the She-Ra (meeeyow!) line. The figures weren't anything spectacular. Most of them had the same molds with different paint jobs. Mer-Man painted black and white became Stinkor. But they were great! One of the great things about having the same molds was that they were completely compatible and customizable. You could put anybody's accessories with anyone else. And the arms were removeable! You could hack Fisto's arms off or switch them around! Being able to customize toys was one of the best things back then. Today, companies want you to play with the toys their way. Most accessories only work with one toy.

What the hell is up with the enormous amounts of movie tie-in toys out there? In Kay-Bee we saw *Batman and Robin* (and *Batman Forever* for that matter), *Lost in Space*, *Steel* (good god!), *Jurassic Park: Lost World*, *Men in Black*, *Starship Troopers* (for ages five and up), *Aliens*, *ID4*, and everyone's and their moms' favorite, *Star Wars*. Most of these are really crappy. Christ, the *Lost World* figures are just

repaints of the first *Jurassic Park* toys. The majority of these are shoddily put together, meant to make a quick buck when (and before) the movie comes out. GEEZ MAN! HOW MANY FRIGGIN' JEFF GOLDBLUM FIGURES DO WE NEED! There were two exceptions to the crap, the *Aliens* and *Star Wars* lines. These were pretty cool. The new *Star Wars* line has great new figures like slave gal Leia (**but a bulked up Luke doesn't sit right with me, he always was a scrawny little wuss**) and the *Alien: Resurrection* figures are beautiful, especially the ghastly half human one.

My beef with these toys and many others (mostly comic book related figures) is that they are meant for collectors to be put on some shelf and not played with by some kid. Just look at the price on these bastards! A single figure can cost ten bucks! When I was a kid, the average figure went for \$3.50, at the most five bucks! Don't tell me it's because of inflation either! I'm not that old! Those damn *Star Wars* figures were \$7.99 for a little four inch figure! I'd like to see some kid afford that! And just try to find the cool ones, or even just a C3PO! Some asshole collector buys them all up to sell at fantastic prices to other collectors! These freaks are destroying the toy world just like they destroyed the comic world (but that's another story)! I'm sorry. I got a little out of control there.

Just look what they've done to classic toys like G.I.Joe and Trans-

# Why toys suck in the 90s

formers. These figures are still around but are fading fast due to their crapulence. The old Joes were the greatest. They had fifty bajillion moving parts and tons of little weapons. Because of their diminutive stature we could have accessories like the six-foot long aircraft carrier (who wouldn't kill for that now?) and space shuttles. Is it any wonder Hasbro made about a billion of the little suckers. Unfortunately, they were updated. The size was increased to the standard action figures size. They only had joints on the arms and legs and were put in damn funky poses. They were named G.I.Joe Extreme and suck real badly.

Transformers were the coolest. They had metal parts, rub off decals, shooting missiles, and a robot that could change into a car, for Pete's sake! Today, they are all made with cheap neon or metallic plastic.

Megatron is now a T-rex rather than a handgun (Toy guns are practically taboo. Even the toy *Star Wars* guns are bright orange, just like Han Solo was packin' in the movies!) Bleearg! At least the new Ghostbuster toys look cool, especially the new Ecto-1.

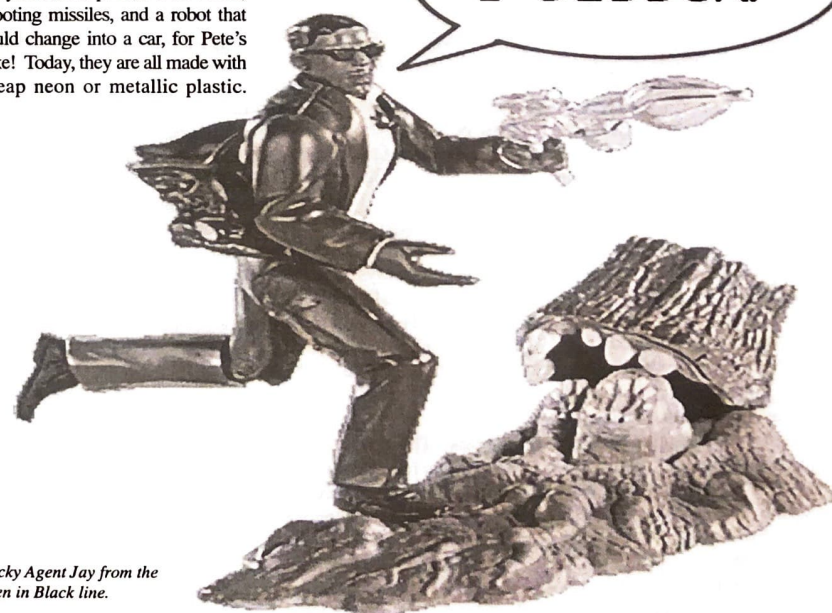
I'm running out of space, so I'm going to keep this quick. Legos today consist of about three large hunks that you snap together. There seems to be a micro machine everything. And this virtual pet thing is out of control (the other day I saw a virtual Yoda - train your Jedi!). The most god awful piece

of shit we saw were those *Men in Black* figures. They had maybe two points of articulation and looked like they were having a seizure. The wierdest thing we saw was vibrating WCW wrestlers. Hey, who wouldn't want a vibrating Hulk Hogan? Even girls can play with these! The most underrated toy were the *Warriors of Virtue* toys in the bargain bin. I don't know if the movie was any good, but the toys looked keen; kangaroo warriors with cool stuff. You can play *Tank Girl*!

Play nice kids.

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I SUUUUCK!



Sucky Agent Jay from the *Men in Black* line.



# White Trash SATURDAY

## Mummer's Day Parade

by Mark Hugo

Remember: You're looking through the eyes of a psycho, an American Psycho - The Misfits

I just finished reading a riveting article in the latest issue of Cosmopolitan about hand-jobs entitled "The Sex Act You Need to Put Back in Your Repertoire." These people really know what they're talking about. Reminds me of New Year Eve in Philadelphia...do you get the connection? **Have you ever seen the movie Killing Zoe? Well, it doesn't matter anyway.** My New Year's Eve began with a 6 hour debate with myself whether or not I should make the trip from Newtown, Ct to Philadelphia alone. I had already failed in my attempt to coerce my loser friend, Ryan Schick into coming along - he wanted to go to Norwalk to hang out with hardcore kids (that sounds like a bundle of fun, eh?). I ended up at my brother Jeremy's place of employment, TLA Video, at about 9 o'clock (after getting sidetracked in South Philly and paying some bums 3 bucks to tell me South Street was one block down and to the right - no matter, they were nice guys). I began my night with a Guinness Stout in a coffee cup (we page 12 volume 10 number 9

wouldn't want the customers to see that were we all drinking). I even gave a nice couple some advice on the movie *Conspiracy* (I used to be a video clerk myself - probably will join by bro after I get my Hampshire degree). I hit the street, heading out to my brother's girlfriend Jane's party. When I got there, everyone was drinking responsibly and eating appetizers. Once I had my fill of alcohol and had exhausted the thrill of that scene (not to say it didn't get more exciting - I hear some guy named Mike puffed chunks in a kitty litter box) I headed back to TLA to pick up by bro, promising that I would do my best to bring him "right back". Well 4 parties later (and one stolen bottle of Souther Comfort - I still not quite sure who I stole that from (I get a case of the wandering hands when I'm drunk - in more ways than one) we arrived to a slightly more drunk party and a very pissed off Jane. We ended up at Jane's where I fell asleep to *Grosse Pointe Blank* after a few more black and tans and a couple hits off the pipe. The next move was a bit too bright for my taste, and I needed a stiff vodka and coke to take the edge off my hangover. Before I knew it we were off to the Mummer's Day Parade, brown paper bag concealing a "fine" bottle of wine under my

trench coat. **White trash dressed up in flamboyant costumes while playing instruments, that's what the Mummer's Parade is all about.** We were able to get into a swanky hotel on Broad Street (Jane knows one of the managers). The Mummer's Parade was started during prohibition when the police would go down on New Year's Day to the Italian district in South Philly to pick up all the drunks and march them down South Street to the precinct. The Italians decided to anticipate their arrival by getting even more drunk and dressing up in wild costumes. After prohibition ended it became a city sanctioned parade - the mayor judges the performers now. Well, not everything is sanctioned - the cops still go around confiscating liquor. It doesn't work to well, though. I saw two cops pushing a grocery cart with one pitiful Budweiser can in it - probably got it off some street person who didn't even know about the parade. It was quite a day; not nearly as exciting as the next weekend, but that's a story for another time.

*Call for submission:* White Trash Saturday is looking for worthy white trash stories to publish. Submit, you pitiful peons!

## A plot to save the Omen

by Bert Cattivera

Secret Encrypted Transmission to Strauss #004 2/25/98

Dear Mr. Editor-in-Chief,  
As your unlicensed attorney, I am compelled to advise you on your current political standing. Your approval ratings have shockingly plummeted in the wake of rumors of a successful coup carried out by an Omen staff member. Further, certain "undesirables" on the Omen staff have demanded that they be allowed to unionize and have contacted the Teamsters. **I suggest you placate these dissidents with expensive booze** (Memo to Greg?). However, you would probably prefer to crush them with your typically brutal tactics.

Senator, I believe a lengthy and devastating political crisis can only be averted if you acquire a staff of young (16-18 year-old) "presidential interns." My pollsters have determined that your approval ratings will skyrocket upon the acquisition of several such concubines. You will be viewed as a glamorous womanizer, along the lines of John F. Kennedy.

**The only true sin that a modern politico can commit is the sin of poor taste in mistresses.** Even this transgression is overlooked, provided you hail from the South and you surround yourself with a coterie of your sleazy lawyer friends. I can only hope that you exercise good taste in selecting your women. Avoid large-haired prostitutes with ties to right-wing thinktanks.

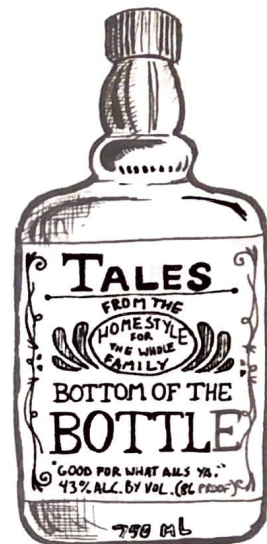
Perhaps the most effective strategy is a two-pronged media blitz: First, you announce your newly-obtained whores and sleazy lawyers. Next, you publicly advocate limited airstrikes against that dreadful publication, *The Forward*. My pollsters have ascertained that the Hampshire people overwhelmingly support such military action. Fuck it, just tell *The Forward* we will "nuke the shit out of you bastards," in your best impersonation of Richard Nixon.

In closing, I can only suggest that you maximize your glamorous image by acknowledging a costly cocaine habit.

Yours in Political Whoredom,

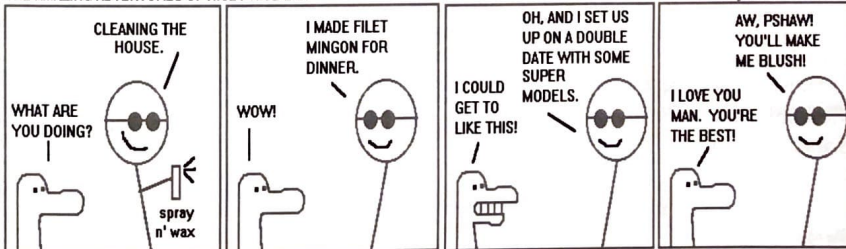
Bert J. Cattivera,  
King of the Pimps

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THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF NICEY-NICE BOY

by Jacob Chabot





# Every Offensive Joke I Know

by Hans Schwartz, F92

The Omen Grammar Team has attempted to PC-ize (how do you verb politically correct?) each joke. We gave up half-way through.

Whats long, smelly, and African American? The unemployment line.

What do you call a German who can't dominate the world? Frustrated.

What do you call a sustainable agriculture concentrator with 500 girlfriends? A shepherd.

How did the scientists of Scottish dissent finally figure out how to clone a sheep? One of them finally tried the front hole.

How many Smith girls does it take to screw in a light bulb? We're WOMEN, asshole!!!

Why does God hate French-Canadian's? Because everyone else does.

What is the definition of an individual of Italian dissent who is virginally-inclined? A 12 year old womyn who is faster than her father.

What does a welfare-enriched individual get for christmas? Your bike.

A Jewish individual, an African American, and a Mexican walk into a bar. The bartender says, "Get the fuck out of here."

What do you call the useless flap of flesh around the male gender organ? The rest of the male.

What do you get when African-Americans and individuals of Mexican dissent interbreed? Children who are too lazy to steal.

Why do French tanks have rear view mirrors? So they can watch the battle as they run away.

What's the motto of the British royal lino service? "Take a ride with us and Di!"

Why don't you throw rocks at a Hampshire student riding a bike? It could be your bike.

A priest and a rabbi are walking down the street. The priest notices a chronologically inexperienced male walking into a dark alley. He says to the rabbi, "Hey, you wanna go fuck that little chronologically inexperienced male?" The rabbi looks at him and says, "Oi, out of what."

Two scientists and an individual of polish descent are in an elevator having a debate about what the best invention in the world is. The first scientist decides, "It must be the wheel." The second scientist replies, "no, its got to be the space shuttle." The individual of polish dissent interjects, "I think it's got to be the thermos! It keeps the hot things hot and the cold things cold!" The scientists ask, "Whats so incredible about that?" to which he replies, "How does it know?"



## SECTION LOOOVE!

by Mark Ribble

There's one thing nearly every Hampshire student has in common. We all want community. We all talk about community. And nearly all of us remain passive and quiet about it. New steps are being taken however to make this dream a reality. We have a campus where we can eat with somebody outside of our own little clique, a campus where we can gather together spontaneously, where we can come together to create, discuss, plan, celebrate, and support. There's a lot of talk about how to do this, a lot of planning, brainstorming, etc. But the way this is going to become a reality is by a million simple actions taken by individuals. Here's a short list of things you can do to build community:

- Acknowledge the existence of other human beings. Smile, nod, wave,

whistle, whatever. We don't have to walk around with our heads down.

- Plan a potluck and invite all those people you want to know better. Good food and good conversation equals strong community, as they say.
- Sit with new people at SAGA. Break the clique boundaries.
- Visit people - show up at a random door and say "hello." Sound intimidating? What if we all did it?
- Make music in public spaces - instruments of all kinds, jug bands, vocals, drums, body rhythms, dancing. Why do it in small confined spaces? We have such nice lawns here!

There are just a couple ideas. There are a million more. You know them in your heart. Open up to people. Be friendly. Get to know your neighbors. Be honest. Bring gifts to random people. Be spontaneous.

This is going on now. Also, planning for larger events is happening. Students are meeting to talk about and plan events. Talk to people about your

A good idea (or a good way to get shot)

ideas. Talk to Aaron and all the people involved in Praxis. Come to Aurora, a new community forum, and share your ideas (Wednesdays in the Yurt 7:30-9:30). Talk to your friends, your enemies, people you don't know. Appreciate the Omen! This is a forum for all of us. Write your ideas! Get them out to the community. Don't just read about others' ideas!

**This is a call to everybody to smile at their neighbors,** to talk about what community means, to brainstorm, to write to the Omen, to come to meetings, and begin opening up to your community and make it happen! You'll see more from me in the Omen, at Aurora, at planning meetings. You'll see lots of other dedicated people who are set on realizing this dream! If you can't plan, or spend lots of time, remember that the biggest things are the littlest things. Say hello, get to know people, break out of your little hole. These things are the ways community is going to grow! See you soon!

## Constitution Passes!

by Barbara Reyes, Student Trustee

The Hampshire College Board of Trustees along with senior administrators of the college met on the Hampshire campus February 27-28. Central agenda items included finance and budgetary topics, buildings and grounds, long-range planning, and Hampshire's Constitution. The agenda on the constitution commenced with recommendations as brought forth from a prior joint trustee committees session (Educational Policy and Campus Life) which included senior administrators, trustees, and guest chairperson of Community Council Elections and Information Committee (EIC). Noting such recommendations, the board generated fur-

ther thoughtful deliberation on specific articles and sections of the Constitution. Clarifications of governance and jurisdiction and norms for community living were articulated. The board reached consensus on a final draft, whereupon a **vote of a final version of the Constitution was called which received unanimous approval.**

Representatives of Strategic Building Solutions presented the findings of the recently completed Facilities Conditions Assessment. A preliminary discussion was generated on future potential and/or necessary costs

of maintaining a state of efficiency of all campus/residency buildings. No fiscal or operational decisions were made.

The board sought to provide a framework which will soon construct critical processes and means of undertaking a comprehensive, long-term mission of Hampshire College. Known as long-range planning, the board will facilitate this process alongside its analysis of documents such as Facilities Conditions Assessment, Maguire Report, NEASC evaluation Report, and other documents. The long-range plan will occur in stages and will be accessible to all Hampshire community members.



# SECTION HATE!

by Wade Stuckwisch

In the February 19th edition of *The Forward*, Emily Kellert wrote an open letter to the Hampshire community about the progress (!?) of the Yurt Project. In her letter she states that the Yurt Project began in 1993 as an "experiential education" project (now there's a Hampshire-ism for you). Construction started in 1994 and the Yurt has been under construction ever since, four years and \$12,000 later. Emily states in her letter, among other things, that the Yurt is now occasionally locked due to some vandalism earlier this year, and that the Yurt Project is attempting to raise another \$1500 in the hopes of fixing the damage and finally completing the thing.

If I could make a suggestion, though, I think that perhaps the **Yurt committee could serve the Hampshire community much better by spending the remainder of the Yurt Fund to rent a bulldozer and raze the thing to the ground.**

If the Yurt was meant as an experiment in "experiential education," it has certainly served its purpose. The lesson here is **DON'T BUILD A YURT**. In hindsight, and as a student who was not at Hampshire when

the project began (not too uncommon since an entire cycle of students have come to Hampshire and graduated since the project began), the whole project seems like a dumb idea. I think I can assume that whoever started the project had some kind of knowledge of architecture (since the thing was approved by an architect and is a pretty odd design), but expecting a bunch of Hampshire students that don't know a miter box from a junction box to be able to build the thing in anything less than four years was a stupid assumption. **ESPECIALLY** since the thing is a round building with slanted walls. We're not talking a simple construction here.

Why the hell did we need a Yurt in the first place? What kind of real purpose can a building smaller than a Dakin double serve, besides "a cool place to get high?" Emily suggests that a completed Yurt could be used for "class meetings, student groups, performances, music, or as a space for studying, informal gatherings, or quiet." Performances? Better have a pretty small audience, huh? Music? Sit in the woods and suffer, you fucking hippie! And as anyone who has been following the band practice space debacle knows, the Yurt is useless for any kind of band with a drum set or amplifiers since there's no room for storage in it. And as for the rest

of her suggestions, ever heard of the Kiva? How about the Bridge Cafe? The Airport Lounge? Hampshire already has tons of space devoted to studying and groking with the universe, so why did somebody need to spend enough money to get the entire Hampshire campus thoroughly baked to build a freestanding structure for the same purpose?

Oh, and that's not all.

**The Yurt also features enough fatal design flaws to make any architect**

**cringe.** For example, whose bright idea was it to put in that nice hardwood floor... in a building in the woods, surrounded by dirt and gravel. In New England. Ever heard of SNOW? And the sand they use to melt the snow? Ever notice how almost all of the buildings on campus have tile or carpet floors? And they wonder how the floor got marked up. And how about that door that, before it was counterweighted, could have easily decapitated a small child? And how about the bright idea of making an already tiny building round with an even smaller floor? Aren't the Greenwich donuts a clear enough example of how stupid it is to build a round building?

Sure, we could leave the Yurt as a slightly embarrassing reminder of a lesson in experiential education. But that doesn't

## EUTHANIZE THE YURT

take into account the cost of upkeep. You know, power, heat (and that thing has got to be a bitch to heat), cleaning, repair, polishing the goddam hardwood floor? I have no clue how much it could cost to keep up the Yurt, but in the spirit of that brilliant SAGA series I'm going to make up a statistic and say, um... \$10,000 a year. \$10,000 A YEAR? IT'S AN OUTRAGE! Even if that figure might be slightly high, Emily Kellert states that the Yurt Project Junta needs another \$1500 to repair this year's damages, so I don't think it's too unreasonable to say that THE YURT IS A GIANT MONEY-SUCKING VACUUM AND WE SHOULD TEAR IT DOWN. Besides, it's an embarrassment. As if Hampshire isn't weird enough already, why do we have to parade tour groups by a tiny building in the middle of the woods and say,

"Yeah, that useless thing is the Yurt, we blew \$12,000 on it! What's that about the high price of tuition?"

I say enough is enough, We've learned our lesson and the price of upkeep is not worth it. I say we don't spend another penny and bulldoze the Yurt now, leaving nothing but a smoldering hole in the ground and a little sign

that says, **"Here stood the Yurt. Never Again."**



And then I say we don't let people spend ludicrous amount of money on dumb crack rock hippie bullshit projects anymore, dammit. You grab the shovels and I'll rent the wrecking ball.

## We need a clocktower

Emily dara Reshen

So the other day when I was rapping with the Puppet Dictator I said, "Hey, Puppy Dick, I hear that you are having a revolution."

He nodded his felt head with the googly eyes and replied, "Yes, oh Supreme Spiritual Advisor, how did you know?"

Err...ummm...because you told me."

"Oh, yes...ignore the puppet behind the curtain."

As you can see, Puppy Dick gets easily confused. I think that this is precisely the reason why we should all follow that cute, cuddly little dictator. That and the fact that I get a cut of all his contributions (which can be made out to Puppy Dick @ The Omen - please no checks or C.O.D.S. - Cash Only).

If the Puppy Dick ruled Hampshire, we wouldn't have a large portion of our tuition money going to administrative bullshit. Nay, I fervently say. We

would instead use the funds to build a clocktower. Think of all the great things Hampshire could do if there was only a clock tower. For those of us who have stunted imaginations, picture the following: a clocktower, a Viper autoloader rifle, and a lawn overflowing with innocent bystanders. As the bullets rip through the stoned flesh of the tree-hugging masses, "Everybody Loves You (When You're Dead)" by Cop Shoot Cop caresses your deranged braincells.

But of course, the funds can be used in other ways as well. We could finally afford to put Puppy Dick through Schizophrenics Anonymous, Alcoholics Anonymous, Narcotics Anonymous, Infertility Anonymous, and Puppets Who Batter Womyn Anonymous. Yes, I swear it costs money. Please send your donations to the "Poor, Pathetic Puppy Dick Fund" in care of The Omen. Just remember Puppy Dick, you are not alone. We know what you are going through; well, not really. Not at all.



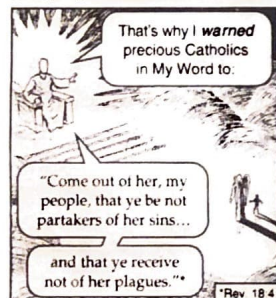
# Horoscopes, like momma used to make

by Travis Dale and Mark Hugo

Our resident astrologers have realized that Scientology is the tool of Satan and not the astrological truth. Sorry about that. We now know, however, that the only true way to salvation is through Christ Jesus our Lord. All of the graphics in this weeks horoscopes appear courtesy of Chick Publications.

## Pisces (February 19-March 20)

You will vacation in a very warm location this month, Pisces. That place is Hell. You will burn forever amongst the fire and brimstone that is Satan's play pen. Yeah, don't pretend you don't know what I'm talking about Pisces. You won't be sipping margaritas by the pool. You will not be able to work on your tan. Why, you ask? God doesn't want potty-mouths in his tropical resort, you potty-mouthed son of a bitch.

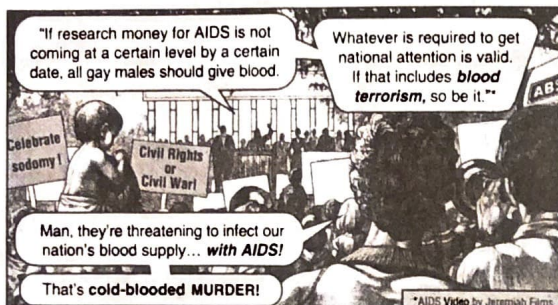


## Aries (March 21-April 19)

Let me tell you about my friend, the Lord. He is a jealous God, and he doesn't take too kindly to you damned Catholics running around worshipping Mother Mary and the Saints. Truth is buddy boy, Catholics are not Christians. The Pope will greet you in Hell, you heathen. What the hell do you think you're doing with those damned Rosary

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# like momma used to make



beads, anyway? None of that Catholic crap is in the Bible, or don't you read the Bible? I thought so.

## Taurus (April 20-May 20)

God is smiling on you this month, Taurus. What's that? You say you don't believe in God? Well God has enough belief in your scrawny ass to send you right to Hell when you die this month. And don't think you're off the hook, you sissy Agnostic. You're going to Hell too. You should've made up your mind when you had the chance.

## Gemini (May 21-June 20)

The time has finally come for you to pay for your gay homosexual misdeeds, Gemini. God hates gay people. He hates them with a pas-

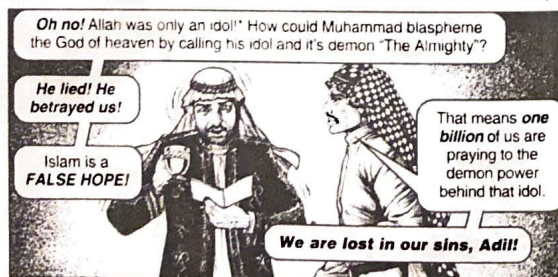
sion. On the other hand, you will find your true love - too bad she or he is of the same sex. You will both rot in Hell with all the other gay people that God hates. Boy oh boy does God hate gay people. It's just not natural.

## Cancer (June 21-July 20)

This month holds new and eiting creative opportunities for you, Cancer. Too bad when die all those creative juices will be burned away in the fires of Hell. That's because you worship that demon idol spirit, Allah, you turban-wearing Muslim.

## Leo (July 23-August 22)

You will experience great satisfaction in sharing your knowledge with others this month, Leo. Ordinarily,



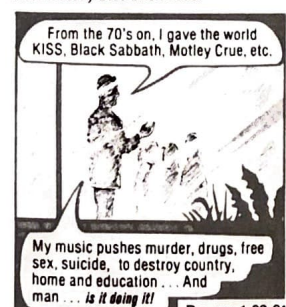
"In the Kaaba, four of the idols were named after Allah and his three daughters, "Al-Uzza," "Al-Lat," and "Manat." See AGE OF FAITH by Will Durant, p. 161. Simon & Schuster, NY, 1950

this would be a good thing, but in your case, it is the lies of blasphemers you are spreading, you dirty evolutionist. Why don't you try evolving in Hell? You're going to be there long enough.



## Virgo (August 23-September 22)

All those subliminal messages that Satan has been whispering to you through your heavy metal records for all these years have finally taken their toll. This month you will commit suicide in the name of Black Sabbath, KISS, Motley Crue, and all the other devil music you listen to. Then, you will find yourself in Hell, where you can rock out for all eternity to the sound of Satan's very own rock band, The Noodles.



## Libra (September 23-October 22)

You're going to Hell, Libra. It's funny because you're a Jew. (Only believers in the risen Christ will be with our father in Heaven.)

Did you accept Jesus Christ as your own personal Saviour? Yes ☐ No ☐  
Date \_\_\_\_\_

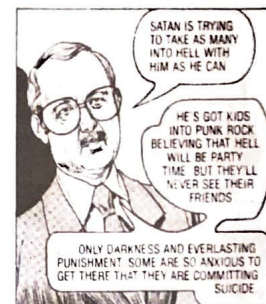
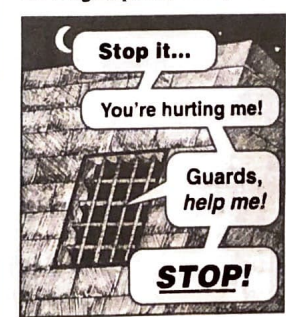
## Scorpio (October 23-November 21)

A new friend will expand your social circle in the coming weeks. That new friend is Satan. You will be introduced to a group of Satan-worshipping punk rockers who will shoot you up with heroin and crack cocaine and ravage your body with hours upon hours of sinful pre-marital sex. Sex makes babies. You will learn this the hard way. A botched abortion will land you in the hospital where you will die. Oh, I almost forgot, you're going to Hell.



## Sagittarius (November 22-December 21)

Jesus said a lot of things in the Bible. "It's all good," was not one of them. Pot smoking is an illegal, heinous crime. For lighting up, you will go to and burn in Hell. But before you go to Hell, you will be nabbed by the cops. You will go to prison, where you will



be anally violated by a man with some serious issues. You will catch some awful disease, and you will die from it, you dirty hippie. Then you can go to Hell.

## Capricorn (December 22-January 19)

Remember that little adventure in prostitution a couple weeks ago, Capricorn? Well, surprise! Now you got AIDS. If you'd been a good little Christian like God tells you to be, none of this would have happened and you'd be enjoying a cool glass of ice cold lemonade right now. Too bad you're going to Hell. You're going to die and go to Hell within the month. On the brighter side, March brings an opportunity for career advancement.



## Aquarius (January 20-February 18)

Aw, fuck it. You're going to Hell one way or another.



# A young girl's story

by Jen Howk

When I was 16 years old and leaving home for the first time to study in Germany for six months, the drive into Anchorage seemed to take much longer than usual. I noticed things along the road that I had never really seen before. The size of the passing bridges and mountains and hayflats were weirdly exaggerated. Everything was enormous, everything slowed to a crawl, regardless of what the speedometer read. I was absolutely perplexed, and the harder I concentrated the bigger and slower it all got. My mother suggested **time had slowed because "I was watching it."** Now, years later, I'm watching time again — 31 days worth of it. And while I'm eager for them to pass so I can get on with my life away from Juneau, their loss is almost tragic to me. They are evidence of the weakness I exhibited when I took a big money job in the governor's office over a more idealistic position on a campaign in California. Momentarily happy but unsatisfied, uncontented, apprehensive, soul sold, the act of forsaking my ideals and sense of adventure for comfort and safety and prestige scares the hell out of me. It's been a source of much inner dialogue recently, much confrontation with the importance of things,

of identities. After several days of attempted columns, I was about ready to give up on this one when it occurred to me that I could just send down a recent journal entry. I guess the following is my most recent attempt to address the definition of success, and to address what more I'm willing to risk for that definition.

2/28/98 Restless student, careless lover, constant wanderer will become career lawmaker, devoted partner, mother, whether I'm watching or not. So many identities I'm attached to, somehow aligned with. I crave solitude while I crave community, yet I don't seem to have the courage or the wisdom to reconcile these identities, these aspects of attachment. And the same with my career — the very achievements of those identities. How can I live fully, live honestly, live completely, while remaining upwardly mobile, while climbing the ladder of success in this state, while seeking solace in the validation of meaningless relationships? How can I reclaim the same soul that I sacrifice daily?

Thoreau asked **"how is it possible to kill time without injuring eternity,"** and so must I. I wake up to work, I wake up to sleep. I injure eternity, I injure my youth. What can the money I'm making on, the third floor

of the Alaska State Capitol do that the world just beyond my current stunted consciousness cannot? Even the next 31 days strike me as a criminal blow to eternity. The month of March, the nascent time of this new season of youth and beauty and promise is destined to the ash heap of my little history. No matter how closely I watch the next 31 days, they are lost to me already.

And then? The expanse of summer before me — will I trade it in for another cheaply claimed rung of the public sector ladder as readily and eagerly as I traded in this most recent opportunity for a title and paycheck? And even if I am something beyond that, and can call on that strength, how can I abandon the ladder? How can I **abandon my search for proof and embrace a search for truth?** Is that even the wise thing to do, or is it irresponsible?

I like my job because it's easy and I do it well and I work with people I like. It neither fulfills nor challenges anything within me — so many thoughtless achievements can't be anyone's purpose. These next weeks are an opportunity to identify my priorities, and to internalize their meaning. Hopefully their sum is more than \$16 an hour with a soul to spend. **0**

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF NICEY-NICE BOY

by Jacob Chabot

